

## Pharrell

# "Hot Damn"

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[Intro - Pharrel]

Malice saying we to hot  
New verses please  
c'mon!

[Chorus - Pharrel]

Hot Damn, its a new day  
Hot Damn, what them boys want the (money man)  
hooooo, hooooo  
hooooo, Hot Damn

[Verse 1 - Malice]

My how the boy's grown  
From roaming low into homes  
To homes of his own  
No catching up he's in a whole nother zone  
Still true to his roots  
Stay close to the chrome  
Haters stay clear of him  
Ya'll stand in cheer for him  
Got up out the game and over came  
Lets hear it for him  
Keep a new toy so I wonder how good  
Im not enjoying life im reliving my childhood  
Big chain monster, whip game bonkers  
Monster truck remind him of tonka  
Diamond M colour plush gold still gutter  
My deal is in the meals,  
Motherfucker and I aint stutter  
Bitter sweet, my lifes a musical  
From holding nose to roles gold  
The lords beautiful  
Before him im to shame to show my face  
But shes so mean can't help but to fall fom grace  
Motherfucker

[Chorus - Pharrel]

Hot Damn, its a new day  
Hot Damn, what them boys want them (money man)

[Verse 2 - Ab-Liva]

Hot Damn, when the white hit the pen it  
Twist and it tumbles, it  
Flips and it fumbles, I  
Mix it like gumbo, I  
Pitch it so subtle, I  
Keep hustle so pother feds I got'em wondering  
(wondering)  
What happened to that boy?  
Six maneuver, how to slip into that toy  
Is it the pimp the crook a hustler thing?  
The man the music the making the king  
Constantly builded by me  
A million men marching like Calling them the king kong  
The verse making the world sing  
My hearts on the sleeve-a  
ya'll basically just like my opinion  
The bars hoping the sun shines on them  
But you still gotta watch the phonies  
Watch your homies, we (\*gunshots) got you homie

[Chorus - Pharrel]

Hot Damn, its a new day  
Hot Damn, what them boys want them (money man)

[Verse 3 - Pusha T]

Uhg... Handle the rock like non other  
Wrist over the stove, head under the cubbard  
In the kitchen 'til the fume make me feel smothered  
The way it melt fiends can't believe its not butter  
The way it melt he won't cop from non-other  
The he who hoes O's like crispy creams oven  
Or easy bake, pink D.V's make  
The presidential look like strawberry shortcake  
P?

[Pharrel]

Imagine that royals royce crashed it  
we unscratched in, that billionaire boys club fashion,  
ugh  
You niggas is clones,  
I hand out styles like ice cream cones  
get the fuck out'a here

[Pusha T]

Thats for real, my gats is real  
SL5 is looking like the batmobile  
Chrome lips with the matchinh wheel, ugh  
Both chains probably match a deal  
Ya'll dudes is a act for real  
Pusha

[Chorus - Pharrell]

Hot Damn, its a new day

Hot Damn, what them boys want them (money man)

[Verse 4 - Roscoe P. Coldchain]

You either salute deaf cause you looked at

Thats what a old G told me

That was the exact moment I decided to take a pact

And if you owed me and if I decided to take it back

It wasn't nicely expect Roscoe to put you back in place

Im what you call a destructive war path

It will be shell showers in todays forecast

You a gangsta? I can't tell

Your diamonds don't glimmer when the light hit

Those jewels arn't genuine, because if it was

I'm nice with it, I would have been took that

That skin stacked in your pocket i would have been

shook that

And this world you gotta watch it, im here to warn ya

Cats turn informa, over snow wrapped and wags

My sons' home crying dont give me no slack

Just put the mutherfucking money in the bag

These words have been said as I hide behind glove

and mask

Coldchain's not your typical crook

Im being watched, look at the camera linens in the

bush

[Chorus - Pharrell]

Hot Damn, its a new day

Hot Damn, but them boys want them (money man)

hooooo, hooooo

hooooo, Hot Damn

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